

The door opened so hard and fast that Ellis was sucked into the room with his wife. She grabbed his collar and pushed him up against the wall, dislodging the towel rack, knocking it to the floor. She hissed through her teeth, "I am not forty-eight, Ellis dear, I am forty-seven."

## TIME TO TANGO

Clete was dancing to the rock-and-roll show on the T.V., shuffling his feet, sucking up static electricity off the shag rug like a vacuum cleaner sucks up loose sand off a linoleum floor.

Juanita was in the kitchen doing dishes, shaking her huge hips to the beat as she scoured the three-quart pot, her thighs clapping together under her muu muu as she shimmed, registering 4.2 on the Richter scale, rattling the tea cups in the china cabinet.

Clete moon-walked across the floor, the hair on his cat's back standing up straight as he passed.

Juanita could stand it no longer. She had to dance. She rumbled out of the kitchen, jiggling like a barrelful of cranberry sauce.

Clete saw her coming and moved toward her, pushing his glasses back up on his nose, spearing a flower out of the vase and putting it in his mouth. It was time to tango.

They touched; there was an explosion.

Clete woke up on the patio surrounded by bits of broken glass, the curtains billowing out of the smashed window.

Juanita came to in the dining room on top of the splintered, shattered remains of the china cabinet. She called out to Clete, "Damn it, Honey, you've got to remember to ground yourself occasionally, you crazy-legged fool."

Clete knew she was right.

Ginger, Juanita's Chihuahua, aroused from her nap by the blast, picked her way through the wreckage and wondered, what the hell happened here?